

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

VOL. IV. NO. 9.
WHOLE NO. 121.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

\$3.00 A YEAR.
6 CTS. A NUMBER

REPPRESSED GENIUS.

DEAR SATURDAY PRESS:

I am in tears, and I long for your sympathy. I am young, and, perhaps, a little vealy; still, I am gifted—I have poetic genius. But that genius is repressed by fate. It is under a cloud. That cloud is *rural life*.

Don't talk to me of the charms of the country, and the inspiration to be derived from sniffing the balmy morning air. I've tried it, and I've had plenty.

You must know that I am the son of poor but illiterate parents, who earn a precarious livelihood by working a small farm. As we are short of help this summer, I am acting as chambermaid to the horses, as kitchen mechanic and as general "utility man."

Notwithstanding this, my poetic genius refuses to be utterly "squelched." It sometimes breaks forth into rhythmic strains. But the melodious flow is subject to most discordant interruptions, to illustrate which I send you the miserable result of a brief communion I had with the muses this morning.

THE TWO VOICES.

(AFTER TENNYSON—A LONG WAY.)

Into thine ear, my dearest Jennie,
I fain would breathe my tale of love;
O—"John, I don't believe there's any
Wood cut for the kitchen stove."

When thee I see, the full afflatus
Of Poesy—O glorious boon!
Comes to me, and—"John, them potatoes
Orter be weeded purty soon."

The breezes round my forehead playing,
Breathe thy dear name, love, as they pass,
Whispering—"O stop your braying.
Don't we all know that you're an ass?"

Thy fairy tread is like the zephyr,
That bears the fragrance of the morn;
Thy form is like—"That blasted heifer
'S gone and got into the corn."

Then listen to my sad complaining,
Hear, Jenny mine, thy lover's lay,
—"John, it sorter looks like rainin',
S'pose we go and cock that hay."

Queen of my fancy's fairy sphere!
Sweet theme of all the prayers I utter!
Wilt thou, O, wilt thou—"Johnny, dear,
Come, take a hold and churn this butter."

There!—Was not fate unkind, and have I
not cause to weep? And will you not, SATURDAY PRESS, open to me your sympathetic bosom, and shed a few tears or more?

[Tristfully, thine,

HORATIUS.

A MODEL TESTIMONIAL.

Since we had the honor of signing a testimonial to the captain of a Ferry-boat, expressing the gratitude of the passengers at being taken safely over to Brooklyn, we have met nothing in the way of testimonial literature equal to the following.

TESTIMONIAL TO CAPTAIN WILLIAM BRIDGMAN, COMMANDER OF THE STEAMSHIP KANGAROO.

We, the undersigned, passengers on board the steamship Kangaroo, feel ourselves called upon to express, in a public manner, our appreciation of the ability and skill of Captain Bridgman as a naval officer. Struggling with adverse winds and a turbid ocean, under a merciful and all-ruling Providence he has steered the frail bark and conducted with safety her cargo of living freight into the destined port with the vigilance and sollecitude of a skillful mariner; holding in his hands the lives of hundreds, amid the wild paroxysms of the storm he vigilantly paced the deck, grasping within the scope of his acute vision what was necessary and useful for his ocean dominion. Blending the rigid with the suave, he caused order and discipline to reign throughout without any one feeling in the least slighted. The majority of the undersigned have often crossed and recrossed the Atlantic, and never has it been our good fortune to meet with a more courteous, vigilant, and sollicitous commander than Captain Bridgman and his gentlemanly officers, and we verily believe that a more able officer has not command of any steamship on the In-man line. It is therefore but just to say of Captain Bridgman that his urbanity of manner, suavity of temper and impartial attention to the passengers have won for him the admiration and respect of all on board. Signed on behalf of the passengers, this 23d day of September, 1865.

REV. J. MONTGOMERY, JAMES MORTON, THOS. H. LOCKHART, and many others.

The picture of the brave mariner "struggling with adverse winds and a turbid ocean" while "amid the wild paroxysms of the storm he vigilantly paced the deck grasping within the scope of his vision what was necessary and useful for his ocean dominion" and causing "order and discipline to reign throughout without any one feeling the least slighted," is what a Frenchman might call "*magnifique, sublime*—pretty good!"

HOW TO QUELL THE FENIANS.

The London SATURDAY REVIEW, commenting on the late naval festivities at Spithead, says:

"The wits or cynics of the Channel Fleet have invented the unspeakably humorous device of pronouncing the well-worn phrase, the *entente cordiale*, as the 'ancient cordial.' The most remarkable effects of the recent interchange of hospitality between them and their allies, or rivals, seemed to themselves to be due quite as much to cordials, more or less ancient, as to the exhilarating consciousness that they were celebrating a great and peaceful moral victory. Sailors are proverbially easy to please in the matter of jests, and if one or two simple requisites are complied with, their enjoyment is secure. So the success and popularity of the significant joke of the 'ancient cordial' have been unbounded. Its humor even stimulated the hilarity to which

it pointed, and the more men laughed at the joke the more ready they were to interpret the joke in earnest. At Brest, it appears, the way in which the midshipmen of the two navies were obliged, after dinner, to lend one another charitable succor in the difficult task of preserving the position which distinguishes man from the lower animals, was a beautiful illustration of the advantages of international brotherhood. And at Spithead, the vigorous and striking dances which took place after dinner, in the manner first introduced to public notice by Mr. Spurgeon, on the quarter-deck of more than one of the English iron-clads, were hailed as fresh proofs of the strength of the 'ancient cordial.' Indeed, the predicament of an English officer who had to entertain a French guest without knowing a word of his guest's language, evidently was one which excused him in seeking inspiration at the readiest source. Moderate draughts of champagne proved the best means available for creating a universal language, and men who over the soup were darkly ignorant of French found they had got quite a lively fluency and a correct accent by the time of dessert. The curse brought upon the earth by the builders of the Tower of Babel ceases to blight the social intercourse of men who have well dined."

If the general theory of the REVIEW be correct, we should recommend the British Government to send a small supply of "cordials more or less ancient" to Ireland with a view of quelling the Fenians. The brotherhood is not at all averse to such luxuries on this side the ocean, and their effect is often found to be very "subduing." Whether the entire organization could be subdued by so simple a means is perhaps doubtful, but the experiment is certainly worth trying. Gunpowder is of course, a good thing in its way, and when used in connexion with shot, has been known to accomplish wonders; but if cordials—a much more "ancient" invention—can be used as a substitute, then indeed we shall soon have an *entente cordiale* between all the peoples of the earth. The British lion shall lie down with the American lamb, and a little Fenian shall lead them.

THE TWO KINGS THAT RULE IN AMERICA.—Jo-king and Smo-king. *Vive la République!*

A GOOD PROSPECT.—The Fenians propose to evacuate New-York and proceed to take possession of Dublin on or about the first of April. It is supposed, however, that there will still be Celts enough left among us to fill all the important municipal offices, so that the general condition of the city will probably remain as sound and sweet as it is now!

Why is a convalescent dyspeptic like a reprieved criminal?

Because he can't di-gest yet.

(For the Saturday Press.)

MODESTY TREATED AS ONE OF THE LOST ARTS.

MR. EDITOR:

We like modesty, always have, and sincerely trust we always shall, whenever and wherever and under any and all circumstances and conditions whatsoever in which we see it. We like it because we are it ourselves, and in fact, like U. Heep, we may say that our fathers were it before us. It is a family trait. Moreover, we are from the country, and being of the "rus" rustic, we claim it as our high prerogative and inalienable right to be it, and admire it in others. Most devoutly do we deprecate the utterances of certain blinded misanthropes, who can find no better means of occupying the few days of liberty yet vouchsafed to them by a lenient judiciary before taking up a permanent abode on Blackwell's Island (which they will do it), than poisoning rustic ears, as they did our own, with statements that modesty has no abode in Gotham. As one formerly inquired of the "Pilgrim Fathers, where are they," so interrogate these creatures their neighbors as to the local habitation of modesty. And we answer here, here in Gotham is modesty; modesty in its highest, most æsthetic phase; modesty as an art.

And this brings us to our subject, which is modesty, etc. The superscription of this lucubration is, perhaps, too occult. If so, and indeed if not so, let us explain ourselves and our position. We speak of modesty as one of the Lost Arts; for modesty as an abstract quality, the creature of ancient romance and Worcester's Dictionary (unabridged) we surmise, and on many occasions heretofore have also surmised, was a myth, a will-o'-the-wisp, a Jack-o'-lantern, in short, a little joker, of which sapient men have sagely observed, "Now you see it and now you don't, where's the little joker?" which applies equally, *mutatis mutandis*, to abstract modesty. But modesty as an art we always admitted among the entities of the Universe, and it is against those persons—we will not slander them by calling them men—who strive to place this among the lost arts, that these our bitter denunciations and searching invectives are directed. In the firm trust that an intelligent public can now read our title clear, if not their own, let us proceed with our remarks on modesty as an art.

And here haste we to explain, in primis, that in thus speaking of modesty, we by no means predicate any sympathy or connection whatever between modesty and artists, technically so called. Forbid it, ye gods, that we should be thus calumnious towards the knights of the brush and easel; forbid it, family pride, for was not our own wife's uncle in the white-washing business? Artists may be austere, eremitic, thrifty, parsimonious, prudish, nay, chaste; but modest, never!

But to return. Modesty, as an art, we love both in old men and maidens, and in young men and matrons, in military officials, in government dittos, politicians, defaulters, black-legs, *et id omne genus*; in fact we love modesty in *modo*, and modesty in *re*. And where, pray, can be found more artistic modesty and modest art than among the females of the softer sex in Gotham? We ask the question hat in hand, and with face suffused with blushes, for

we are modest, and adore the sex with adoration deep but distant, and on their skirts principally do we pin our faith when we assert that modesty as an art still lives. Aye, literally on their skirts do we pin our faith, for what more typical of modesty than these same long flowing, wide-distended skirts? Scoffers may sneer, and liken them to whitened sepulchres, full of dead men's bones; or rather, we should say, "full of"—but it is of no consequence, as Mr. Toots says (and Toots was a modest man). But for all this, we uphold the skirts as a commodious, airy, neat, dust-removing garment: an example to be followed by all mankind except in windy weather, or when circumambient three abreast on crowded sidewalks. Moreover, this art of modesty is not confined to externals. It pervades thought, speech, and action; permeates all the crannies and interstices of society, cleansing and purifying, as the street commissioners the streets, leaving no noisome carcass of defunct quadrupeds to oxidize offensively to over-sensitive nostrils. What young miss of thirty summers or under (or even older, if any such there are, which we doubt, for the fragile fair die young, rarely, so far as we know, reaching the age of thirty), would not blush to speak of amputating a leg. Is their friend thus maimed, he has lost a limb; and does our curiosity, prompting us to inquire whether a sleeve or a pantal—boot is empty, suggest which limb? we are reminded that there is a point beyond which memory ceases to be a virtue. Say, misanthrope, is not this the living art of modesty; if not, we would ask what is it? This is no fancy sketch; this art, this modesty, is a patent entity: we ourselves have seen several. This it is which prompts your coy damsels and bashful youths shunning the music's voluptuous swell at your soirees, shrinking from the rude gaze of an unfeeling world, to cluster under the back staircase, seeking that retirement and obscurity where modesty may most luxuriantly vegetate. We have seen, also, women, more advanced in years, modestly refusing the respect and consideration due to their age, and repelling all advances in that regard, from pure artistic modesty, by the use of (shall we say it) "PLUMBERS, to bring out the cheeks, and restore youthful appearance. Perfect satisfaction given. No advance required. Call and examine." (Vide advertisement N. Y. H. . . .) Will the ladies forgive the exposé? We hope so, but—

Thus much for modesty in *modo*—one word on modesty in *re*. We were advised on our advent into Gotham to lay aside our ancestral modesty, and worship gold and brass, especially the former and more particularly the latter, as the deities most sedulously to be propitiated in the region where modesty was not a marketable commodity. But on observation, we are convinced of the utter unsoundness of such counsel, for on all hands one sees modesty rewarded, not always, indeed, pecuniarily, but your modest men always have plenty of time on their hands, and time is money. Again, take your urban (do not mistake us to mean urbane, Heaven forbid!) officials, your commissioners, your contractors, and men of that ilk, men holding the highest positions in the gift of fellow-citizens, and they are all modest men. For, while exercising their high functions, there is no bombastic parade of their good deeds toward the community. Themselves

and their friends preserve "a modest stillness and humility" on the subject of their good qualities, so much so, indeed, that one might suppose they had no merits, and never got their deserts, unless one knew them. Their modesty is *beyond* question. Of them, and each of them, may it truly be said in the words of the lamented Bard, "he was a man, take him for *haul in all*, we ne'er shall look upon his like again," or at least not frequently. Truly do the elements in them and each of them (a doubt has been suggested whether three cent gin and Bourbon are strictly speaking element, but this quere has, we are glad to state, been set at rest), that nature *might* stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man." And who doubts the voice of nature?

We cannot better close this disquisition than by adopting the words of another, whose name has escaped us, but whose modest merit we respect, which words we have also taken the liberty to alter to adapt them to this subject, and which express more succinctly and epigrammatically, if less vividly and ornately than we have done, the spirit embodied in the foregoing. The aphorism is that "Modesty is its own reward."

Yours, respectively,

PERMODESTUS.

(For the Saturday Press.)

ENGLISH VIEWS OF

THE

NATIONAL DEBT COIN SYSTEM.

It was only the other day that we suggested a "New Way of Paying off the National Debt," and since then we have heard from all weekly accessible parts of the country. We have had letters and calls from innumerable men, and the cry is, "Still they come."

They all don't see it, however.

We had a call from a naturalized—but not yet Americanized—English Political Economist who contended that the object of our National Debt Coin System could be accomplished by the much simpler and immeasurably more respectable process of judicious taxation.

He was accompanied by another Englishman, a "rebel at heart," no doubt, though, to tell the truth, he gave no indication of that beyond being down on our System.

That, he said, was an outrage on the "good sense of a great and powerful people"—(of course that was buncombe!)—that it would be more to our credit abroad to be in debt than to free ourselves by such womanish means.

While they were yet ventilating themselves, another—still another Englishman—was announced. He not only sneered at what he called the baby-play of our system, but he didn't want the debt paid at all; it kept the people straighter, he said, than a standing army could.

The three deliberately coalesced and set about getting up a system on their own hook. They solicited our earnest consideration. We begged to be excused. We told the gentlemen that it was a matter of supreme indifference to us whether the national debt was ever paid off or not. That we struck off a system simply because it was the trick of the day to do so, and we didn't want to be behind the times. That it was as represented, a mere

"*bagatelle*." That the Press could not publish anything so preposterous as a dead-in-earnest plan to pay off any debts—even its own—that such a thing was never thought of except in Bohemia.

Whereupon they begged pardon, assured us that our plan was so good—so practical rather—that it was not surprising we were not understood. And having nothing else to say, they politely said "Good day," and went away.

This trio of Albion Islanders had no sooner made themselves scarce than their place was supplied by two others—also Englishmen and profoundly proud of being Englishmen. "If I waah not an Henglishman," commenced one, "I would wish to be an American, and in so saying I express not alone my sentiments, but the sentiments of all my countrymen, who are sojourning in this city."

"And they are not a few," added his companion in a mysterious way.

Just then as if by divine appointment—it was so put—two more Englishmen appeared on the scene.—"And they are not a few," he repeated, and his air and inflexion was still more mysterious—was pregnant with ominous meanings. We felt that we were being bullied—in a quiet way, you know, but still *bullied*, and the courtesy began to ooze out at our finger ends. Surely the day of our death had come. Our memory was becoming so supernaturally clear. We remembered rams, and ironclads, and clipper-ships, and blockade-runners, and other evidences of the power and neutrality of Englishmen. We were becoming clairvoyante too, and saw immense money interests—stamped with a seal not ours—a golden crown, and on one side of it a large lion couchant, and great was the weight and the repose thereof, and on the other a small lion rampant, and great was the activity thereof. And we saw the City Hall, and Albany, and Washington. Saw poor Irishmen playing cats-paws, and petty tyrants contented with picayune offices, while the proud Englishman works his gigantic schemes.

The newly-arrived had a plan—they all had a plan for paying off the National Debt. They did not appear particularly interested in expounding it, but they did appear anxious that ours should not go into effect. It was "trifling," they said, and would ruin us "abroad." How dependant upon "abroad" we are to be sure.

Not wishing to make bad worse by acknowledging our trifling system to be in itself a trifle, a whim, a whiff, we said nothing about it, but asked, "Have you a better to propose?"

"Better?" laughed a couple of young Cockneys who had just entered, "*better* would imply some good in the former."

The gentleman who had pronounced our system "trifling," proceeded to expound one that we pronounced ponderous, and that we also proved was impracticable. He wanted to dupe us, but we couldn't be duped, at least *he* couldn't dupe us, such was our modest amendment on measuring the elegant young fellow who had philosophically parsed the word "*better*."

Another gentleman—evidently a minister of the established order of things—said there was one plan that was practicable, pre-eminently practicable, and the only commonsense, the only Christian way for a nation to

pay off its debts—and that was the good old English system of taxing a few things, mostly luxuries, and not every individual thing from the Widow Clicquot of the millionaire to the potato-soup of the poor washerwoman. The poor would not be exempt altogether, he said; as society was organized, as humanity was constituted, they could not be. No class could be unaffected by the cares or burdens of another class. That society as well as plants has exismose and indismose currents.

He was very long and very wearisome, and by the time he got to the fifthly and finally of his discourse, he could easily have been vanquished by the young fellows who threw off the little dissertation on the word "*better*."

Elegant young fellows—SATURDAY REVIEW fellows. No doubt, when this long-winded gentleman gets through, 'twill be their turn of attack, we reflected, and they, they are not nonchalante exquisites merely, they are men of mind. They are not only quick at repartee, and *au fait* in badinage, but they are profound in reasoning, concise in statement, accurate in analysis, clear in exposition, apt in illustration—they are humorous and witty, sarcastic and satirical, and can work with matchless skill the light artillery of railleury.

We could not hope to equal them on their own ground, and we knew they would be swamped on ours. So as soon as the long-winded gentleman had finished expatiating on the advantages of the English system, we delivered the following fearful address:

"That may do all very well, Sir, in England, where the down-trodden people couldn't bear direct and heavy taxation, where they are like a smouldering volcano awaiting the slightest pressure of the tax-gatherers the government's hand to overwhelm—to overflow—the land in"—"lava," suggested one, the other suggested "blood;" but both agreed that it was a very pretty reply—and pre-eminently national.

It is needless to add that they left instant and *en masse*.

BAGATELLE.

AN IDYL OF OCTOBER.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I.

JULIE, MARY, BILLY, and I,
Walked down the cedar-lane one day,
When the sun was bright in an Autumn sky,
And the trees with their Autumn tints were gay;
Down to the bridge our way we took,
Past the chestnuts that crown the hill—
Down to the bridge that crosses the brook,
On the road to the cidemill.

II.

A year before, we had trod the lane,
And then, half-jesting, ourselves we bound
To take the self-same walk again,
When another year had rolled around;—
So, when another October glowed
On shrubby hollow and wooded ridge,
It found us threading the cedar-road,
And loitering on the bridge.

III.

The water swirled 'mong the oaken posts,
In long, dark currents, eddying by,
And floating leaves, like shadowy ghosts,
Were borne on its bosom silently.
The breezes dallied with JULIE's hair,
Where mingling gold and amber played—
Fair MARY's face seemed still more fair
In the flickering shine and shade.

IV.

We feasted our eyes on the pleasant scene,
We gathered leaves of a thousand dyes—
Speckled with crimson, spotted with green,
And shaded with hues from Paradise—
We sang and shouted, we laughed and talked,
Till the woods were loud with our echoed glee—
O, never a merrier party walked
In a place more fair to see!

V.

Last year, when under the Autumn sky,
Through these bright Autumn woods we strolled,
We met a lassie, pretty and shy,
Mayhap some seventeen summers old;
A blue-eyed, bashful country-maid,
Who passed us, timidly glancing down,
Her blue eyes taking a deeper shade
From their lashes long and brown.

VI.

I, who have ever been FARCEUR—
Loving a merry word away—
Feigned to have fallen in love with her—
A new-found passion, to last for aye.
So, when we spoke of the cedar-lane,
And plans for this year's ramble laid,
We wondered if we should meet again
With the blue-eyed, bashful maid.

VII.

Then, I said that if we should meet
With the country-lassie, modest and fair,
There on the bridge would I kneel at her feet,
And all my passion for her declare:
Well, as we came to the foot of the hill,
Where the maples glow like a colored flame,
Down the road to the cider-mill,
The blue-eyed damsel came!

VIII.

But, alas, for the ways of destiny!
I spied some leaves so gorgeously hued,
Decking the boughs of a maple-tree,
By a fence between the road and the wood,
That I vowed to have them whether or no—
Coveting beauty as some covert pelf—
And, venturing where the ground was low,
In a swamp I found myself.

IX.

There I gathered the prettiest leaves,
Standing, the while, on treacherous ground—
Such fair chaplets as Nature weaves
When Autumn, King of the Year, is crowned—
And there, alone, long after its time,
I found a heaven-blue violet,
Gleaming up from the ooze and slime
Like a jewel, foully set.

X.

Many a leaf of orange and red,
Gold and purple, scarlet and brown,
I found on the branches overhead,
Or where the wind had rustled them down;
Gathering these, no heed I paid
To anything save my leafy load,
And the blue-eyed, bashful, country-maid
Had gone, when I gained the road!

XI.

But JULIE and MARY both were there—
Better than bashful maids are they—
The blue-eyed lassie is not more fair,
And not more modest, as I dare say;
I felt some pride, as surely I might,
When I showed my leaves and my violet—
Those Autumn colors were wondrous bright,
But those faces were brighter yet!

XII.

Whenever I see those leaves again,
Pressed and varnished by JULIE's skill,
I shall think of our walk in the cedar-lane,
And the bridge on the road to the cidemill;
And if e'er for the bashful lassie I sigh—
I, who have ever been FARCEUR—
I will see that she does not pass me by—
I'll wait on the bridge for her!

(For the Saturday Press.)

HISTRIO-MASTIX.

"It was the eventful year of 1587, that the little man Gosson, in the parish of St. Bartholomew, of which he was the incumbent, first nibbled his pen, and made it fly furiously over the paper, in wordy war against the stage and stage-players."

This was the prelude of that onslaught against players and their profession which was begun by the Puritans, and carried on by them, to the best of their ability, until (sitting on the triumphal car of successful revolution) they were enabled to pass laws against the hated profession, and make acting a crime.

When London was talking of the coronation of Charles I. another Quixote appeared in the field, leveling his lance against the windmills of his own creation. A pamphlet was published, entitled, "A Short Treatise against Stage Plays," and the author's style of reasoning is as extraordinary as his logic is peculiar. For instance—plays were invented by heathen; they must, therefore, be prejudicial to Christians. They were established in order to appease false gods; consequently they must be displeasing to the real one. They are no recreation, because people come away from them wearied. And finally (as a "knock-down" argument), the writer would very much like to know in what page of Holy Writ authority is given for the vocation of an actor!

It would be extremely amusing to follow this liberal-minded writer through the whole of his book, but unfortunately "time is fleeting," and I am afraid that you, O polite and gentle reader, might add, "and patience ditto."

These two pamphlets were but shots fired to feel the enemy, and in 1633 there exploded over astonished London the monster bomb-shell, "Histrio-Mastix," prepared by one Wm. Prynne (not Prynn as Doran has it), and containing, from title-page to finis, one thousand and several hundred pages.

Prynne, in this, showed the true Puritan iconoclast spirit, in attacking all players, and frequenters of plays. To any moderate man this would have been enough, when he reflected that the king and all his court were in the habit of witnessing stage performances. But no; not satisfied with this, Prynne attacked the queen and ladies of the court, in language so vile that one wonders some of the hot-headed gallants did not run him through the very day his book appeared.

In the "State Trials" of England, we find the following:

Proceedings against Wm. PRYNNE, Esq., in the Star-Chamber, for writing and publishing a book, entitled, "Histrio-Mastix, or a Scourge for Stage-Players," etc., and also against MICHAEL SPARKS, for printing, and against WILLIAM BUCKNER, for licensing the said book.

The 7th of February, 1633, saw Mr. William Prynne, together with the other defendants, in the Star-Chamber, and the court having been opened in due form, Mr. Hudson, of Gray's Inn, did set forth:

"That about 8 Car. Reg., Mr. Prynne compiled and put in print a libelous volume, entitled by the name of 'Histrio-Mastix,' against plays, masques, dancings, &c. And although he knew well that His Majesty's royal queen, lords of the counsel, &c., were in their public festivals, and at other times, present spectators of some masques and dances,

and many recreations that were tolerable, and in themselves sinless; and so published to be by a book printed in the time of His Majesty's royal father; yet Mr. Prynne, in his book, hath railed not only against stage-plays, comedies, dancing, and all other exercises of the people, and against all such as behold them, but further, and particularly against hunting, public festivals, Christmas-keeping, bonfires, and maypoles; nay, against the dressing-up of a house with green ivy. And to manifest his evil and mischievous design in publishing of this libel, he hath therein written divers excitements, to stir up the people to discontent, as if there were just cause to lay violent hands upon their prince; and hath expressed in many speeches, against His Majesty and his household, infamous terms, unfit for so sacred a person. He hath cast an aspersion upon Her Majesty the queen, and railing and uncharitable censures against all Christian people. He hath commended all those that are factious persons, that have vented anything in any book against the state, as the factious book of Dr. Leighton, Jo. Mariana, a Jesuit, to draw the people from His Majesty's government, which is of most dangerous consequence to the realm and state. His book is of above one thousand pages: and dealt with one Michael Sparks for the publishing, licensing, and printing thereof, who is a person that is a common publisher of unlawful and unlicensed books; and dealt also with Mr. Buckner, another defendant, for the allowing of it for the press; and with the other four defendants to print part of it, and publish the same; and by this means this volume was allowed and published, to the great scandal of the whole realm. And to have this punished, according to the demerit of the cause, is the end of Mr. Attorney's information."

Let us now look at this book—this fell-dragon which was to swallow up all decency and order—not only in connection with the drama, but as it relates to other things which Master Prynne disapproved of:

"The music in the church, the charitable term he giveth it, is not to be a noise of men, but rather a bleating of brute beasts. Choristers bellow the tenor as it were oxen; bark a counter point as a kennel of dogs; roar out a treble like a sort of bulls; grunt out a bass as it were a number of hogs. Christmas, as it is kept, is 'a devil's Christmas.'"

Truly, a most kind and moving reproof, and calculated to have a great effect upon the church-singers.

Let us have one more extract—the dedication "To his much honored friends, the right worshipful Masters of the Bench of the honorable flourishing Law Society of Lincoln's-In."

"Having, upon my first arrival here in London, heard and seen in four several plays (to which the pressing importunity of some ill-acquaintance drew me, while I was yet a novice) such wickedness, such lewdness, as then made my penitent heart to loath, my conscience to abhor all stage-players ever since; and having then likewise observed some woful experiments of the lewd, mischievous fruits of plays, of play-houses, in some young gentlemen of my acquaintance, who, though civil and chaste at first, became so vicious, prodigal, incontinent, debauched: yea, so far past all hopes of amendment, in half a year's space or less, by their resort to plays where—and lewd companions had inveigled them; that after many essays of their much desired reformation, two of them were cast off and utterly disinherited by their living parents, whom I heard oft complaining, even with tears, that plays and play-houses had undone their children to their no small vexation. Hereupon I resolved, out of a desire of the public good, to oppugn these common vice-fomenting evils, for which purpose, about seven years since, recollecting those play-condemning passages which I had met with in

the Fathers, and other authors, I digested them into one entire written Discourse, which, having since that time enlarged beyond its intended bulk, because I saw the number of players, play-books, play-haunters, and play-houses still increasing; there being above 40,000 play-books printed within these two years (as stationers inform me) they being now more vendible than the choicest sermons; two old play-houses being also lately re-edified, enlarged, and one new theatre erected; the multitude of our London play-haunters being so augmented now, that all the ancient devil's chapels (for so the Fathers style all play-houses) being five in number, are not sufficient to contain their troops: whereas even in vicious Nero's reign, there were but three standing theatres in Pagan Rome, though far more spacious than our Christian London, and those three too many. Hereupon I first commended it, being thus augmented, to the licenser, and from him unto the press, where it hath lingered longer than I did expect; which being now at last brought forth into the world, in such a play-adoring age, that is like to bid defiance to it; I here bequeath it to your worthy patronage, to whom it was first devoted, not caring how it fares abroad, so it may do good and please at home."

"And please at home"? Ay, that it did—it pleased the Star-Chamber so much, that the following sentence was passed upon its unfortunate author:

"Mr. Prynne, I do declare you to be a schism-maker in the church; a sedition-sower in the commonwealth; a wolf in sheep's clothing; in a word, *omnium malorum nequissimus*. I shall fine him £10,000, which is more than he is worth, yet less than he deserveth. I will not set him at liberty no more than a plagued man, or a mad dog, who, though he cannot bite, he will foam. He is so far from being a sociable soul, that he is not a rational soul; he is fit to live in dens with such beasts of prey as wolves and tigers, like himself. Therefore I do condemn him to perpetual imprisonment, as those monsters, that are no longer fit to live among men, nor to see light. Now for corporal punishment—whether I should burn him in the forehead, or slit him in the nose? I should be loth he should escape with his ears, for he may get a perriwig, which he now so much inveighs against, and so hide them, or force his conscience to make use of his unlovely love-locks on both sides. Therefore I would have him branded in the forehead, slit in the nose, and his ears cropt, too. My lords, I now come to this Ordure, I can give no better term to it, to burn it, as it is common in other countries; or, otherwise, we shall bury Mr. Prynne, and suffer his ghost to walk. I shall therefore concur to the burning of the book; but let there be a proclamation made, that whosoever shall keep any of the books in his hands, and not bring them to some public magistrate, to be burnt in the fire, let them fall under the sentence of this Court: for, if they fall into wise men's hands, or good men's hands, that were no fear; but if among the common sort, and into weak men's hands, then tenderness of conscience will work something."

On the 7th and 10th days of May following, the sentence was executed—Prynne sitting in the stocks one day, and losing one ear, and losing the other the next day, and then departing for prison.

I wonder if Prynne, when he was sitting in the court-room, listening to the sentence with a grim sneer upon his face, fancying himself a martyr; I wonder if he had any faint glimpse of that hour in which he would enter London in triumph. I wonder if he imagined that the time would come, when the gentlemen who were now condemning his book, and were wishing to have him slit in the nose, would be flying for their lives, and an actor

would show his love for, and devotion to the King, by dying on the bloody field of Nasely. Strange! that "the little man Gosson, in the parish of St. Bartolph's," should have commenced a wordy war, which was quenched only with the blood of a king.

THEODORE DAVIES.

(For the Saturday Press.)

OLD FRIENDS.

I.

We talked together of the Past,
My pleasant friend and I:
Our faces in our cups were glassed—
The night was cold, the fire burned high.

We said, "Our boyhood friends are dead,
Or scattered through the world:"
We said, "The girls we loved are wed—
Blue eyed and black eyed, tressed and curled."

Therewith we laughed. "We yet may live
To court their daughters fair:
Our lives have something yet to give—
Old Time may grudge, but Time must spare."

II.

We talked, and in the embers' glow,
Saw visions of the past—
The night was cold, the fire burned low,
Our faces in our cups were glassed.

We said, "This wine is not so good,—
There is none like the first;—
First love, first wine to light the blood!
Be later love and wine accursed!"

"But yet one bumper to the lost,
The married and the dead."
Off the full cups of wine we tossed—
"The wine is bitter bad," we said.

III.

The cinders trembled through the grate,
The death-watch in the wall
Ticked, and the hour was very late—
A drowsiness began to fall.

He slept, and murmured in his dream,
"Dear love, believe me true!
Lest he suspect, we must but seem
To hate each other—so, adieu!"

Therewith he breathed a dead girl's name—
God! let a silence be!
She lived in sin, she died in shame—
She had been heaven and hope to me.

IV.

We sat together by the hearth,
My pleasant friend and I—
The cricket shrieked amid its mirth—
The fire leaped up to see him die!

Strange, but they said my pleasant friend
Died of a heart disease;—
It may be hard to comprehend,
But there are greater mysteries.

THE SAN FRANCISCO ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY, AND CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Pursuant to notice, a large and respectable number of those of our citizens interested in the advancement of the arts and sciences in California, assembled in the large hall over the Union Hotel, at 8 o'clock on Thursday evening, the 31st of June ult.

The meeting having come to order, was organized by our distinguished fellow-citizen, Dr. Keensarvey, being called to the chair, and the appointment of A. Cove, Esq., as Secretary.

The chairman then arose, and in that lucid

style which ever characterizes his public addresses, briefly explained the object of the meeting:

It had been urged, he said, and he feared with too much justice, by our scientific friends in the Eastern States, that the inhabitants of California, residing in a country which opens to the Geologist, the Ethnologist, the Mineralogist, the Botanist, the Taxidermist, the Antiquarian, the Historian, the Philosopher, and, in short, the Savant, the richest and most unexampled field on the face of the globe, or elsewhere, for their labors, were entirely regardless of their privileges in this respect, utterly absorbed in the pursuit of gain, and while excavating from the bowels of the earth its auriferous deposits in sufficient quantity, they cared not, to use a forcible illustration, the execration of a tinker for those sciences, in the pursuit of which they could alone find a rational manner of expending their accumulated wealth.

Was it possible that this could be the case? Had we not among us men of science, of liberality, of intelligence? [Cries of "Yes, yes!" from the meeting, and "Si Señor," from a Castilian Savant in a glazed hat and judicious state of spiritual elevation.] Had we not in our midst many who, having acquired a sufficiency of worldly wealth, now wished to find among the treasures of science, that calm satisfaction which the possession of no amount of "dinero" can possibly afford? [Tumultuous shouts of "Yes, yes! Seguro! Si Señor," and a voice, "Whar is he?"] Yes, gentlemen, it was the pride and pleasure of the Chairman to believe that such was the case; and it was in the hope of being able to hurl back the aspersions of the Savants of the East, that this meeting was called together; it was with the hope of forming a permanent, scientific, California Association, composed of such material as cannot be found elsewhere, and whose researches and transactions should be read with mingled emotions of astonishment, delight, and envy, by every enlightened lover of science, from the eastern end of the North Farraleone Island, proceeding easterly, to the western end of the same. [Loud applause—cries of "Good! bon! bueno!" broke from the meeting, and a deep moan of acquiescence from the Castilian Savant, who, with the glazed hat partially shrouding his massive intellectual developments, had become slightly somnolent.]

The applause consequent upon this beautiful effort of the Chairman having subsided, Mr. B. S. Bags rose to address the Chair:

He had not the advantage of an early education—not much, he hadn't; but he had read a good deal, and liked it; and he dare say now, that if the truth had been found out, he knowed a great deal more than some of those filosofers at the East. He wanted to see science go on in California. He had a considerable interest in the place, and expected to spend his days thar. He was now fifty-three years old; he came out here twenty-three years ago as Steward of a whale-ship, and he run away and turned Doctor. [Laughter; cries of "Hush, hush!"] But he married a Californy widder, with a large ranch; and he had, when the gold mines broke out, made his "pile"—he had over three hundred thousand dollars, and he didn't care who knowed it. He meant to devote the interest of the

same to learning science. [Uproarious applause—cries of "Go it! that's the pint!" and "Carrambas!"] He had three daughters, and he meant each on 'em should be a scientific man. [Loud applause.] One of 'em wore green specs now. [Immense applause accompanied by a cry of "Hep—ah!" from a person in a white hat and blue blanket coat, who, having evidently mistaken his place, was requested by the Chair to leave at once—but he didn't do it.] Order being restored, Mr. Bags went on to say, that he had money enough, and had gin up trading stock, and began to study science for itself. He had bought a "Mahomedon," and could tell how hot it was any time; he had examined the "Ah teasing" well in the square, and knew something about Hydrocyanics, from a contemplation of scientific structures. By reading the papers daily, particularly the ALTA CALIFORNIA, he found all sorts of new matters, which he supposed gave him a considerable idea of "New Mattix;" but above all, having seen in the papers from the States an account of the "Bosilist pendulum," and its application to the Bunker Hill Monument, by which it showed how the earth turned round from East to West, he had ever since, for three hours each day, watched the flagstaff on the Plaza; and he could assure the meeting, that when the flag was trailed it always flew out to the West, and when it was histed the rope always bent out to the East. ["Hear! hear!"] Gentlemen might say it was the wind that did it, but what made the wind? If any gentleman here had ever rid out to the Mission on a calm day ["Hear!" from a Savant who kept a livery stable in Kearney Street], he must have felt a breeze blowing in his face. Well! he made that wind, he did, agoing! and it was the earth that made the wind by turning around in just the same way. [Deep impression produced: low remarks, "we must examine this! Bags is a trump, &c."]

Mr. Bags concluded that he had took up a good deal of time, but he hoped that a society would be formed, and that he would pay his share towards it [applause], and more too [loud applause]; he hoped he would be able to do more:—he was now reading a paper in Siliman's Journal on the "Horizontal Paralysis" with its effects on the "Cellular system," and he hoped to get some ideas out of it which he would adapt to California; and if he should, the society should have the benefit of it. Mr. Bags here sat down amid prolonged and continued cheering.

Barney Braglagan was now loudly called for, but not appearing, the meeting was addressed by several of our most scientific citizens, the tendency of whose remarks was entirely and unreservedly in favor of the formation of a permanent society; and the meeting being wound up to the highest state of scientific excitement, it was unanimously

Resolved: That this meeting resolve itself into a permanent scientific association, to be known as the "San Francisco Antiquarian Society and California Academy of Arts and Sciences," and immediately enter into correspondence with all learned and scientific associations on the face of the earth.

Immediately after the passage of the above resolution, a committee, consisting of Dr. Keensarvey, A. Cove, and James Calomel, M. D., were appointed to prepare a constitution for the society. Leaving the hall, they im-

mediately repaired to the saloon of the California Exchange; when, returning in seven minutes and five seconds (mean solar time), they submitted the following draft of a constitution, which was adopted by acclamation:

ARTICLE I.—The officers of this Society shall consist of a President, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, and Librarian, who shall be elected annually, by ballot.

ARTICLE II.—The objects of this Society shall comprise inquiries into every thing in the remotest degree scientific or useful.

ARTICLE III.—The Society shall consist of members, corresponding members, and honorary members. The first to be persons residing in California; the two last to include both persons and residents of any other place on the face of the globe, or elsewhere.

ARTICLE IV.—There shall be an annual payment of one hundred dollars, in City, County, or State scrip, by each member residing in the City of San Francisco, or its vicinity.

The Society now proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, with the following result: President, Dr. Keensarvy; Vice-President, M. Quelque Chose; Corresponding Secretary, G. Squibob; Recording Secretary, A. Cove; Treasurer, Buck S. Bags; Librarian, the Consul for Ireland, *ex-off.*

On motion, the Treasurer received permission from the Society to apply to the City Council for liberty to stack the scrip forming the funds of the association upon the Plaza under cover of a Tarpaulin.

On motion, committees were appointed to report at the first meeting of the Society, on the following subjects, namely: 1st. Antiquity; 2d. Geology; 3d. Toxicology; 4. Ethnology; all as applicable to California.

On motion the proceedings of this meeting, and the future transactions of the Society shall be published in the San Francisco daily ALTA CALIFORNIAN, SILLIMAN'S JOURNAL, the Boston OLIVE BRANCH, and the extra documents accompanying the President's annual message.

On motion, the Society adjourned to hold its first regular meeting on Thursday evening, July 15, in the remains of the old Adobe building, anciently standing on the north-west corner of the Plaza.

Immediately on adjournment the several committees entered with zeal upon their various duties:

The Committee on Antiquities left at once, in the night boat, for Vallejo, the residence of their Chairman, who had informed them of the existence at that place of some specimens of a substance termed "Old Monongahela," lately discovered by a scientific gentleman residing at the Capitol;—the Committee on Geology were seen eagerly inquiring for the omnibus for Yerba Buena Island: that on Ethnology appointed a sub-committee for the City of San Francisco, and made arrangements for the departure of its main body to the upper counties of the State, for the purpose of holding interviews with the primitive inhabitants, while the Castilian savant in the glazed hat, who had been appointed Chairman of the Committee on Toxicology, repaired incontinently to a drinking saloon, where he commenced a series of experiments in hydrostatics, with the endeavor to ascertain the quantity of fluid possible to be raised from a glass in a given time, by a straw applied to his mouth, which resulted so much to his satisfaction that he was seen to emerge therefrom at four o'clock on the following morning, in a high state of pleasurable excitement, chanting huskily as he meandered down the street, that highly refreshing Mexican anthem—

"Castro viene—en poco tiempo
Cuidado los Americanos."

A. Cove,

Sec'y pro tem.

G. SQUIBBOB,

Cor. Sec. S. F. A. S. and C. A. A. S.

San Francisco, July 10.

(From Once a Week.)

CROSSBONES' FATHER.

BY C. P. WILLIAM.

Whenever a new fellow came to MacLaren's he was sure to be pumped pretty dry, without loss of time, as regarded his name, his father's occupation, and the number and appearance of his sisters. Other points were discussed more at leisure.

MacLaren's, you must know, was situated in a village a few miles out of Liverpool; there were nearly sixty fellows there, so you may be sure several of them had made up their minds to go to sea as soon as ever they left school; and as two or three of these slept in my bedroom—the "juniors' room—that will account for what took place there after old Wiggy took away the candle every night. Old Wiggy was the French master, and if you could have seen his head—well, never mind.

Among the other impositions on parents which were set forth in MacLaren's prospectus—none of which were ever kept to, except perhaps the "experienced dentist," who used to come every half, and take out all the best double teeth in the fellows' heads—among these, I say, it was stated that a "library of well-selected books is provided for the use of the young gentlemen." Now I appeal to any one who went there, if there ever was a greater crammer than this. What does well-selected mean, I should like to know? Are "Principles of Geology," or "Life of Rev. Benjamin Bubbs," or "General Gazetteer," or "Treatise on Conic Sections," well selected? I suppose next they'll call the Latin Grammar and Arithmetic a well-selected library of books. To be sure, there were two or three old volumes of the "Waverley Novels," but as they were all the middle of the tales, of course that took a good deal from the interest of reading them. The only two really good books in the lot were "Curiosities of Nature and Art," and "Lives of Buccaneers and Pirates." These two were always in the hands of some of the "juniors," and were read out in the bedroom so often, that at last we could have done almost as well without the books as with them. (Whoever read them had to sit on the floor in one corner with the candle partly under a bed for fear of surprises.) The "Pirates" was, of course, the greater favorite of the two; and Calomel, I do really think, knew it all off from one end to the other, and was always persuading fellows to walk the plank by means of a bolster off the beds on to the floor, and building caves with the bed-clothes. He got tired of that after he was pulled out of his cave one night by MacLaren, and walked into with a slipper. The fellows were sorry for old Calomel, of course, but it was great fun for them, and they couldn't help larking him a good deal about the idea of a pirate being had out of his cave and slipped. Well, this brings me to what I was going to say. One night, in the middle of a half, after we had gone to bed, MacLaren came into our room

with a candle and a new fellow. He told us the new fellow's name was Hartley; waited till he undressed; watched him into bed with little Binns, next bed to Calomel, wished us good-night, and told us to go to sleep, and left us. Go to sleep! O yes, I dare say! The minute the sitting-room door was heard to slam upon MacLaren, you may fancy, if you can, the volley of questions directed at Binn's bed.

The new chap was very talkative: said he had been living with his aunt in Yorkshire for years, but that she having suddenly got married, he had been sent home to Liverpool, and thence to Mac's. Had both brothers and sisters, but having been so little at home didn't know much about them. He asked if Mac was very strict; and when we said "we believed him; wasn't he, just?" he said he was afraid it wouldn't suit him, for that he had been used to his own fling in Yorkshire: and then went on to that extent about guns, horses, and dogs, that Calomel at last asked him, rather dryly, if he had nothing left to show for all this? He replied that he had a watch which his aunt had given him.

"Oh," says Calomel, "a watch is nothing: my father has two, a chronometer and a repeater."

"And mine," retorted the new chap, "has three."

In short, it became a regular bragging-match between the two; and if the new fellow told as many lies as to our certain knowledge Calomel did, why he was a pretty good hand at it, that's all. In spite of all Dobbs could say, though, the new chap always trumped his best cards; when Dobbs mentioned a pony at home (which we knew he hadn't got), Hartley was down on him with his aunt's stables; and when Calomel spoke of a pistol which he possessed, the other declared that Dobbs should only have seen the rabbit shooting in Yorkshire, and moreover stated that there were hanging up in his father's house in Liverpool, two guns, four pistols, and a sword, of which he intended to avail himself during the next holidays.

"By-the-by," said Calomel, rather sneeringly, (and we all at once remembered that the question hadn't been asked before, but it was out of all rule, you see, a fellow coming in in the dark;) "what is your father?"

"My father!" said the new chap very quietly, "oh, he's a pirate."

"A what?" shouted Calomel, jumping straight upright in bed, and so loud that the other had only time to repeat in the same manner-of-fact way, "A pirate," before we heard old Mac come out of the sitting-room, and along the passage to our door. Down went Dobbs in such a hurry, that we heard his head go with a great bang against the bed's; so that he couldn't help giving a loud "Oh!" though the rest of us were breathing very hard, to make believe we were asleep.

Mac called out that if he heard any more noise, he would do what should keep us awake for some time, and then went off.

More would very likely have been said then, so great was the sensation caused by the new fellow's declaration, but as we didn't hear Mac's sitting-room door shut again, we couldn't tell but that he was somewhere listening.

Not that there was anything of the sneak in

Mac; only he liked to catch fellows at it. Very different to old Wiggy, whose real name was Girard, and who was hated by everybody for coaxing (or cogling as we used to call it), till he got something against the fellows, and then making their knuckles black and blue with a big doorkey. There was no time to say much next morning, for every one always lay in bed as long as he dared after the first bell rang, and had only time to jump into his clothes, and get down to prayers before the second bell stopped. Calomel just asked once during dressing, so as to prevent any mistake, "What did you say your father was, last night, you sir?" But the reply was just given in the same cool way, "A pirate." Calomel said no more.

After breakfast, however, a lot of us got together in the playground, and talked the matter over. The existence of pirates was beyond question; there was no reason to doubt that they possessed sons like other people, and perhaps left their business to them; but we were not aware of any recorded case in which such sons had been sent to a "classical and commercial academy," as Mac's was called in the prospectus. We couldn't help allowing, however, that the new fellow's manner was favorable and convincing. We argued, too, that if this gentleman was really a pirate, it would account for the possession not only of the three watches, which were doubtless acquired in the exercise of his profession, but also of the guns, pistols, and sword, which would be to him in that case the merest necessities of existence. In short, most of us inclined to the belief, that the new fellow's story was true; though a few, headed by Calomel, urged that we had only his word for it, and that we knew nothing of him. But then Calomel was jealous, and no wonder: he had been the chief authority on such points for so long, that he wasn't likely to relish giving in, as he would have to do, of course, to a fellow with such advantages of birth.

However, we agreed to ask Hartley more about it, and by way of beginning, we proposed that he should show us the watch his aunt had given him. He pulled it out at once: it was an old silver one, very nearly round, so that it made a great swelling upon his chest, as he wore it in his waistcoat-pocket. It had a great effect on the fellows; it was just such a watch as might have been buried in an iron chest for ever so long: and though it didn't come from his father, but from his aunt, that was nothing; it was in the family. It clinched his story, and we christened him "Crossbones" on the spot. As for the watch, that always was called "Oliver Cromwell," it was so old and solid.

You may be sure we asked Crossbones a good many questions about his father, but at first he didn't seem to think much about the matter; and it was only after a week or two's listening to the bedroom-readings that he began to let out by degrees, and gave us at different times a good many particulars; how that his father's vessel was a regular clipper, carried one hundred guns, had a crew of eighty men (many of them blacks), and was called the Blue Blazer; the guns he thought, when pressed on the point, were from one hundred and eighty to two hundred pounders. He stated, moreover, that the meals both of officers and crew were always served on gold

plates and dishes, which were mere drugs on board by reason of their abundance; and that the only beverage ever touched was rum with gunpowder in it—all which his father had told him in moments of confidence.

This beats books into fits: and even Calomel felt that he must give in, which he did, and became a great chum of Crossbones. Between them they established a society, of which every member was to swear solemnly not to let out anything;—which he couldn't have done if he wished, as there was nothing to let out. However, we all tied up the ends of our fingers with twine in the bedroom one night, and having pricked them with a quill pen, let them bleed into a gill cup, over which we then took the oath on a prayer-book. The chief rule was that no member should speak to another member about the society's affairs, without first putting his right fore-finger to the side of his nose, and saying, "Blood?" If all right, the other member put *his* finger to his nose, and said, "Thunder!" then they both whistled, and then it *was* all right. Of course everybody knew the other members, but it was necessary to be very particular—societies always are. Crossbones and Calomel were first and second officers, and at first everybody was doing nothing but whistling and bleeding and thundering; but after a time it got tiresome, having nothing more to say when you found you were at liberty to speak. Besides, the fellows got into a way of laughing so that they couldn't whistle, and in a short time the society pretty well died out.

Then we took to digging caves, but after one fell in upon little Binns, and as nearly smothered him as a toucher, why that didn't prosper; so we had to fall back upon listening to Crossbones—and some wonderful things he told us. I don't know whether it was from what he heard, or out of his own head, that one of the fellows, who was very clever that way, drew and colored a representation of Crossbones' father, whiskered and moustached, in green jacket edged with fur, red tights, big buff boots, and a brass helmet, with a drawn sword in one hand, and a black banner with a skull upon it in the other. On a cannon close by hung a large blue cloak, supposed to be the means of hiding Crossbones' father's professional dress from the public when he came ashore to visit Crossbones and the rest of the family.

When this picture was shown to Crossbones he shook his head, as much as to say his father was not unlike it, but more so: so the lights were touched up a bit, and so many daggers and pistols hung about the figure that you would have wondered there was room for them.

Well, during the midsummer holidays, as most of our set went out of town, none of us happened to see Crossbones; and when we got back to school, we found to our astonishment that he always fought shy of our favorite subject when it was brought up, took no interest in the bedroom stories, and gave up the presidency of the society, thereby settling it altogether. None of us could make out what had come over him (though the idea was started at one time that his father had been caught and hanged), and he lost a good deal of popularity; and I do believe none of us would have cared to see him in the holidays, but that on the last night of the half he redeemed his character nobly, by volunteering to put eight-and-seventy cock-chafers in old Wiggy's bed. Wiggy had quarrelled with Mac, and was leav-

ing; and when next morning he came stamping with rage into the school-room, and called out to Mac, "Sare, dey have put eensects een my bed!" we all felt that Crossbones was indeed still our friend, and we made it up to meet him the first Thursday after we got home.

When we met on that day—Crossbones, Calomel, I, and two other fellows—the first question was what we should do? We all voted for going straight down to the river, but Crossbones proposed bathing in old claypit he knew of, where two people had been nearly drowned, and which was supposed to be forty feet deep in places. Of course, that was very tempting, but we have thought it too cold for bathing; and at last we settled that it was to be the docks, where, however, Crossbones seemed very unwilling to go. We asked him if his father was at home; but he said, No; he was in the West-Indies, or some of those places, or else we might have gone on board his vessel.

On we went, however, and just as we got in sight of the river, a voice called out, "Well, Ned, whither bound, my lad?" and a man caught hold of Crossbones by the shoulder. Crossbones went as red as fire, and didn't know which way to look; but he said, very sheepishly, "Oh, nowhere particular," and was in a great hurry to be off. But the stranger was evidently not in a hurry, and turning to us, he said, "Servant, young gentlemen; schoolmates of Ned's, I expect? I'm his father."

How we all stared at him and each other, you may fancy. Here was a man with a red face, dressed in blue pilot-cloth, calling himself Crossbones' father. No daggers, nor pistols, nor banners, nor boots, nor redlegs, nor brass helmets. There was the smell of rum about him, it is true, so strong that I was obliged to pull out my pocket-handkerchief and pretend to blow my nose, as he talked to us,—but not a sign of the gunpowder.

Still we all felt, as appeared afterwards on comparing notes, that these things might admit of explanation, and that matters might turn out better than they looked; so when Crossbones' father said to him, "Ned, mayhap these young gents would like to have a look at the little craft," we jumped at the proposal, and eagerly followed him down to the pier. We couldn't talk, we were in such a state of expectation, and so not one word was said until Crossbones' father led the way on board a small sloop, rather larger than an ordinary fishing-smack, with a big number 15 on the sail, and which I supposed must be a kind of Captain's boat to the Blue Blazer. But no sooner were we well on board, than Calomel gave a long whistle, and then caught me such a slap on the back as nearly choked me: "It isn't a pirate, but a pilot," says he. And so it was.

Crossbones' father was very kind to us; gave us biscuit and rum (which made us very sick afterwards,) and did all he could to amuse us; but nothing could change the horrid fact of his being a quiet, respectable, seafaring man.

Crossbones wouldn't go ashore with us; he told me afterwards that he couldn't have stood our chaff; but I was so sorry for him, that, before I left, I said to him: "Crossbones, what made you tell us those confounded yarns?"

"Well," he said, "when I first went to Mac's I had been so long in the middle of Yorkshire, that I didn't know the difference between a pilot and a pirate, and thought my father *was* one. And when I heard from the book about pirates, I made up what I thought sounded best."

"But about the three watches, and the guns and pistols, Crossbones?"

"Well, then," said Crossbones, irritably, "what did Calomel brag that way for? I wasn't going to be beaten by him."

Next half, Crossbones, from one cause or another, had about twenty fights with different fellows, and pirates went a good deal out of fashion.—*Once a Week.*

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1865.

The columns of the SATURDAY PRESS are enriched, this week, with a disquisition by Mr. RUSKIN—one of the most profound and eloquent writers in England—on the subject of ARCHITECTURE. We are indebted for probably the only copy of this remarkable paper which has reached America to Mr. S. P. AVERY, at whose bijou of a gallery, 694 Broadway, we never fail to get the latest intelligence on every matter pertaining to the Fine Arts.

MORE MODEL WRITING.

In another column of this week's PRESS will be found a specimen of "model writing" in the form of a Testimonial to the Captain of the good ship Kangaroo. We wish to encourage this sort of thing. Of late, it has been too much confined to the columns of THE WORLD, and to subjects which were hardly worthy of it. The TRIBUNE has given us a taste of it, now and then, when discoursing on "ankles," etc., but we were fearful that Mr. GREELEY had interposed, and put a stop to it. Our fears on this head were relieved, however, on Monday last, by the appearance in an article on the Fashions, of the following exordium, which should be printed in letters of gold, and presented to every writer on the paper as an incentive to still higher flights.

"Splendid August, poppy-crowned, kissed the eyelids of the cool September, and stole his scepter while he lay supine in her sultry and slumberous presence. In the fields where the late corn ripens, and the grapes still fill their purple chalice with the sunbeams, these days are the crowning gift of lavish Nature. Among the hills they keep their shining procession, mutely wondering at the absence of the lovely urban visitors who fled as Summer waned, and thereby missed their beauty. Over the beaches they pass with noiseless feet, for the echo of the Summer's mad gayety is in their ears, and the endless melancholy of the Ocean. Yet from their purple presence a glory streams over sea and land, such as the vanished Season knew not in her prime. Only *here* is the exotic splendor of the time a bane and blunder. Torrid Broadway is ablaze as the central fires seem to ooze from every crack of her pavement. The mountains of the Golden Dustman might be rebuilt from the debris of this suffocating city. The offence of the gutters is rank, and smells to Heaven. Yet back to this Paradise of ill odors comes the gay world, and mildly hinting to its autocratic cook, 'what shall we eat, and what shall we drink?' vehemently demands at the point of its parasol, 'wherewithal shall we be clothed? And we, who went to Paris in a balloon, the other day, and who 'have the receipt of fern-seed to walk invisible' into the sacredest chambers of the modistes, will tell the lady readers of THE TRIBUNE what

'Silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things,'
we saw therein."

It will be seen that the writer let up a little before finishing his exordium; but this was probably out of mercy to his readers who, not being used to such dainties of speech, might otherwise have become surfeited with them. Moreover, if the whole article had been in the same vein, the milliners and such, for whom it was written, would have quite lost sight of the general subject, and known less of the Fashions when they got through than when they began. This would have been a pity, indeed; for when one discourses on such serious matters as bonnets, shawls, flowers, feathers, flounces, waterfalls, and what not, the mind should not be diverted from them for a moment. But we

do earnestly recommend to our brother journalists to cultivate this flowery style, and apply it to minor and unimportant topics—such as politics for instance—which might thus be made, if not positively attractive, at least endurable.

COOINGS AND BILLINGS.—The fascinations of the SATURDAY PRESS have at last been brought to bear upon JOSH BILLINGS, and, in the course of a week or two, the reader may expect to see him flourishing in our columns. At present, JOSH is thinking chiefly of his forthcoming book and his forthcoming lecture. It requires no prophet to predict that the latter will be one of the choicest attractions of the season.

One of our comic papers is about to publish a portrait of JOHN BULL in "neutral tints." This will be the "unkindest cut of all." You have only to mention the word "neutral" to John, just now, to make him rage like a bull of Bashan.

BRENTANO, the King of the Newsmen, is preparing for a visit to Jerusalem. He will visit all the foreign agents of the SATURDAY PRESS during his absence, and, before he returns, go to Rome to "take orders."

We hear that OLIVE LOGAN's charming "Photographs of Western Life" are about to be republished in elegant form for the holidays. It would be difficult to imagine a more fascinating gift-book.

The Democrats in Massachusetts have nominated General COUCH for Governor: they probably think that after the fatigues of the war the Old Bay State requires a little rest.

The match between the Algonquin and the Winooski has created so much excitement in the minds of the councilmen of Chicago and St. Louis (now on a visit here to see the wonders), that they have advised a similar match in Illinois and Missouri to take place in each State between two first-class town pumps, selected by lot.

The new Irish society, called "The Funny Ones," or "Independent Order of Hod Fellows," are rapidly completing their organization, and bid fair to become quite as powerful as the "Fenians."

Why are Strikes unscriptural?
Because they are contrary to the hire law.

The acute disease called "Neuralgia," which was raging in England so recently, is about taking a new form.

The WORLD of yesterday, in a notice of ELIAS HOWE, Jr., the great sewing-machine man, says he "was born in Spencer, Mass., in 1819, and reared in industry, uncorrupted by wealth, to manly vigor and self-reliance." This is doubtless very creditable to Mr. Howe, but what on earth does it mean?

GENERAL BUTLER has gone to the Capital to "settle his accounts with the government." He will probably have to remain there two or three years.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

The great question is settled.
The OPERA can safely defy the HERALD.

Whether the HERALD can safely defy the OPERA, or not, will be settled some other time. Judging from appearances, I should say *not*. In fact, if the example set by the OPERA should be followed by the THEATRES, some hundred thousand dollars a year would be withdrawn from the HERALD's income, and the concern would be about done for.

BENNETT sees this, and for the last fortnight has been courting the theatrical managers as if his life depended upon them.

The spectacle has been a truly pitiable one. No such instance of cringing and fawning is on record in newspaper history.

But the case is an extreme one.

Take away the theatrical as well as the operatic advertisements from the HERALD, and BENNETT's occupation is gone.

MAX MARETZKE was sharp enough to find this out, and has acted upon it.

It only remains for the other victims of the HERALD to be equally plucky, and New York will be rid of the greatest nuisance which ever infected a city.

How long it will be before the THEATRES move in the matter is uncertain.

They are all ready to and are waiting only for a leader.

Meanwhile, they have found out one thing which may prompt them to take action at once.

And that one thing is, that if you take away from the patrons of the HERALD all those who never enter a respectable theatre from year's end to year's end, you will diminish its circulation far below that of any daily paper in New York.

Moreover, the thousand or two readers of the HERALD who would be left after this deduction, are all in the habit of reading other papers; so that for all theatrical purposes, the sheet is next door to useless.

So far as the Opera is concerned, the non-appearance of its advertisements in the HERALD is hardly noticed except by BENNETT, who is so enraged on the occasion that he hardly knows upon whom to turn.

He first attacked MARETZKE, and, of course, got the worst of it.

He then assaulted Miss OLIVE LOGAN (Heaven knows why), who, by a simple statement, made him utterly ridiculous.

His great card, however, at present, is to show that the Opera is a stupid institution, at best, and that sensible people ought not to go to it!

His early assaults upon MARETZKE's company were so absurd that he was forced to give them up even before the public had a chance to judge for themselves.

The public have had that chance, and are so delighted with the result that the receipts of the Academy are greater than they have been for years.

Any assaults leveled at the company now, therefore, would react powerfully in its favor—as in the case of Miss KELLOGG, last year, who could never make her appearance on the stage after the infamous attacks of the HERALD without being received by the audience with the utmost enthusiasm.

There was something of this spirit on MARETZEK's opening night, last Monday.

The Academy was crammed to its limits; and as one by one the artists made their appearance they were received with such salvos of applause as made the house ring again.

MARETZEK himself was the subject of a special ovation, and, for a moment, was quite overcome by it.

Then came his new singers, IRENE and ANTONUCCI, who were welcomed as if they were old favorites.

I doubt if BRIGNOLI himself would have been better received.

What the reception of Miss KELLOGG was, I needn't tell you.

She could afford to pay the HERALD to defame her all through the season.

The same with BELLINI, about whom there is a magnetism which would be proof against all the malign influences this side (or the other) of—Hull.

The Opera selected for the opening was Gounod's "FAUST," which created such a furore last year.

Of the manner in which it was rendered there appears to be but one opinion.

It is hardly extravagant to say of Miss KELLOGG's Margherita that it approaches perfection.

The part would almost seem to have been created for her.

Her natural modesty of presence and simplicity of demeanor, combined with her singular purity of expression and delicacy of voice—qualities which might unfit her for more passionate roles—come to her aid here, and enable her to give us one of those natural, truth-like representations of character which are so rare on the stage—especially on the lyric stage—that their charm is absolutely indescribable.

This, more particularly, as respects Miss KELLOGG's acting of the part; in the matter of her singing, it was so artistic and effective throughout—even in passages that would have tested the skill of a much more experienced artist—as to call forth the enthusiasm of the most blasé critics in the house.

Indeed, a more complete triumph I have never yet had the pleasure to record.

I venture to say that there is no opera house in the world where her rendering of Margherita, considered either from a dramatic or musical point of view, would not have created a sensation.

The same thing may be said of BELLINI's rendering of Valentin, which was one of the most superb pieces of acting and singing—notably of singing—which can be imagined.

But when did the great baritone fail to distinguish himself when he deemed it worth his while?

You will find no such voice and no such presence the world over.

After all—as I used to say when the critics amused themselves by pitching into BRIGNOLI—it is a good thing for a singer to have a voice.

The Paris people seem to think so, too, by the way, and are petting BRIGNOLI nearly as much as he was petted here—which reminds me that I had some lines sent to me about him, the other day, in which, among other "pet names," he is called "the sweet-scented Brignolia"—as if he were a species of operatic flower!

I wonder if such lines will ever be written about MARETZEK's new tenor, IRENE!

I'm afraid not.

He is more of an artist and not quite so much of an exquisite.

BRIGNOLI was always redolent of LUBIN or JACQUES, and thought more of his kids (the allusion is not philoprogenitive) than either of his singing or acting.

Poor fellow, he couldn't act at all, but was always "in a fine phrenzy rolling."

IRENE acts very well and sings even better.

He hasn't so many "tears in his voice" as BRIGNOLI, but there is a much better ring to it, and in the more passionate scenes of "Faust," the other night, he came nearly up to the standard of our first tenors.

But it will be hardly fair to sit in judgment on IRENE till he has had another chance.

On Monday he appeared to be suffering most of the evening from "stage-fright."

Ditto ANTONUCCI, although some said it was indolence.

At any rate, he lacked fire, and gave us a rendering of Mephistopheles deficient, throughout, both in vivacity and strength.

His voice is of excellent quality, but is rich only—which we hardly expect from a basso—in its higher notes.

However, both he and IRENE will do better this afternoon, when "Faust" is to be repeated, and there will be a display of youth and beauty, of flowers and waterfalls, of "purple and fine linen" enough to inspire a heart of stone—and the Italian heart is not generally made of that material.

Go to the Matinée to-day and see if it is.

I ought, perhaps, to add something, now, about the performance of "Il Poliuto" and "Lucrezia Borgia," but the latter—announced for last night—I was not present at, while of the former I heard only the magnificent finale of the 2d act, in which CAROZZI ZUCCHI, MASSAMILLANA and BELLINI—aided by such a chorus as has rarely been seen at the Academy—raised such a storm of applause as to make us forget even the enthusiasm which they excited in the same scene last year.

And now, Mr. Editor—for, of course, you know that we are to have "Ione" at the Academy on Monday with Mlles. BOSISIO and ADELAIDE PHILLIPS—I will just jot down a word or two about the other places of amusement (about which, for certain reasons, I have been in a state of mind during the week), and then let you up till next time.

The most interesting thing which occurs to me for the moment is that on Tuesday and Thursday next we are promised two Readings in Irving Hall from Miss OLIVE LOGAN.

Of course we shall all be there—and of course we shall all have a treat.

If she only reads as well as she writes, it will be a treat indeed, as your readers well know.

The selections will be from Shakespeare, Longfellow (rather a sudden leap), Willis, Bryant, Stoddard, Reade, Winter, and Mr. George Arnold.

If I may do so without giving offence, I respectfully invite Mr. Arnold to come up from Raspberry Farms and "assist."

THE THEATRES.

I stop and make a special heading here about the theatres because—*parole d'honneur*—I am unable to say a word about them, to-day, except in the way of announcement.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—Tom TAYLOR's "Serf" has not swamped this house, as was predicted in certain quarters, but, on the contrary, has contributed toward swelling that flood which is always leading it on to fortune. To-night, however, Tom Taylor will have to give way to Colley Cibber, and the concern will be put under double-gallant topsails. [For explanation of this profound joke, see advertisement.]

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The RAVELS and "YOUNG AMERICA" are in full sway here, crowding the immense edifice every night, and drawing so many young folks every Saturday afternoon (go this afternoon and see), as to make the place look like an enchanted nursery.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE.—The Celestial performances at this beatific establishment will be continued to the end of next week, after which look out for De Walden's "Sam of Life" (much funnier than Longfellow's), and some choice humor from Frank Chanfrau, Olive Logan, and C. F. Parsloe, Jr.—all handsomely supported by Manager Wood and Assistant Manager TAYLEURE.

CELESTE will give a Matinée to-day, and appear in "The French Spy." She will appear again next week in "The Woman in Red."

THE OLYMPIC.—This evening, Mrs. WOOD in her fascinating impersonation of Anne Bracegirdle in "The Actress by Daylight."

Next week, début in this country of Miss LUCY RUSHTON, from the Haymarket, London, in a piece called "Lolah"—not "Lola Montez," but a warmed up and beautified version of "The Sea of Ice." Look out for a "jambe."

THE WINTER GARDEN.—CLARKE declines figuring as "Toodles" and "Everybody's Friend" any more, unless compelled to by the police.

This evening he is to play Asa Trenchard in "The American Cousin," supported by Miss ROSE EYTINGE as Florence Trenchard, Mr. W. S. ANDREWS as Lord Dundreary, Mr. CHARLES PETERS as Binney (welcome back! old fellow), and Mr. JOHN DRYOT as Abel Murcott—a very strong cast.

Mr. ANDREWS played the part of Dundreary last winter in Philadelphia and Washington with greater success than anybody has ever had in it, except SOTHERN.

BROOKLYN ATHENÆUM.—Next week, on Monday and Tuesday, ARTEMUS WARD.

Selah!

FIGARO.

Mr MANTON MARBLE has been to Washington to see President Johnson, but without success. The President said he had no time for Marbles.

Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have established at No. 823 Broadway, (between 12th and 13th streets) a subscription agency for New York city and Brooklyn, for their magazines, the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and OUR YOUNG FOLKS. This agency is under the charge of Mr. Benjamin H. Ticknor, who will receive subscriptions at the Publishers' rates, and deliver the magazines promptly in any part of New York city or Brooklyn, without charge for postage. Mr. Ticknor is also a special retail agent for the sale of the publications of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, a full supply of which may always be found at his store.

Why is a person who resembles your mother like Hamlet's father?

Because he has an eye like ma's.

AN ENQUIRY INTO SOME OF THE CONDITIONS AT PRESENT AFFECTING "THE STUDY OF ARCHITECTURE" IN OUR SCHOOLS.

By JOHN RUSKIN.

Read at the Ordinary General Meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects, May 15th, 1865.

I suppose there is no man who, permitted to address, for the first time, the Institute of British Architects, would not feel himself abashed and restrained, doubtful of his claim to be heard by them, even if he attempted only to describe what had come under his personal observation, much more if on the occasion he thought it would be expected of him to touch upon any of the general principles of the art of architecture before its principal English masters.

But if any more than another should feel thus abashed, it is certainly one who has first to ask their pardon for the petulance of boyish expressions of partial thought; for ungraceful advocacy of principles which needed no support from him, and discourteous blame of work of which he had never felt the difficulty.

Yet, when I ask this pardon, gentlemen—and I do it sincerely and in shame—it is not as desiring to retract anything in the general tenor and scope of what I have hitherto tried to say. Permit me the pain, and the apparent impertinence, of speaking for a moment of my own past work; for it is necessary that what I am about to submit to you to-night should be spoken in no disadvantageous connection with that; and yet understood as spoken, in no discordance of purpose with that. Indeed, there is much in old work of mine which I could wish to put out of mind. Reasonings, perhaps not in themselves false, but founded on insufficient data and imperfect experience—eager preferences, and dislikes, dependent on chance circumstances of association, and limitations of sphere of labor: but, while I would fain now, if I could, modify the applications, and chasten the extravagance of my writings, let me also say of them that they were the expression of a delight in the art of architecture which was too intense to be vitally deceived, and of an inquiry too honest and eager to be without some useful result; and I only wish I had now time, and strength and power of mind, to carry on, more worthily, the main endeavor of my early work. That main endeavor has been throughout to set forth the life of the individual human spirit as modifying the application of the formal laws of architecture, no less than of all other arts; and to show that the power and advance of this art, even in conditions of formal nobleness, were dependent on its just association with sculpture as a means of expressing the beauty of natural forms: and I the more boldly ask your permission to insist somewhat on this main meaning of my past work, because there are many buildings now rising in the streets of London, as in other cities of England, which appear to be designed in accordance with this principle, and which are, I believe, more offensive to all who thoughtfully concur with me in accepting the principle of Naturalism than they are to the classical architect to whose modes of design they are visibly antagonistic. These buildings, in which the mere cast of a flower, or the realization of a vulgar face,

carved without pleasure by a workman who is only endeavoring to attract attention by novelty, and then fastened on, or appearing to be fastened, as chance may dictate, to an arch, or a pillar, or a wall, hold such relation to nobly naturalistic architecture as common sign-painter's furniture landscapes, do to painting, or commonest wax-work to Greek sculpture; and the feelings with which true naturalists regard such buildings of this class are, as nearly as might be, what a painter would experience, if, having contended earnestly against conventional schools, and having asserted that the Greek vase-painting and Egyptian wall-painting, and Mediæval glass-painting, though beautiful, all, in their place and way, were yet subordinate arts, and culminated only in perfectly naturalistic work such as Raphael's in fresco, and Titian's on canvas;—if, I say, a painter, fixed in such faith in an entire, intellectual and manly truth, and maintaining that an Egyptian profile of a head, however decoratively applicable, was only noble for such human truth as it contained, and was imperfect and ignoble beside a work of Titian's, were shown, by his antagonist, the colored daguerreotype of a human body in its nakedness, and told that it was art such as that which he really advocated, and to such art that his principles, if carried out, would finally lead.

And because this question lies at the very root of the organization of the system of instruction for our youth, I venture boldly to express the surprise and regret with which I see our schools still agitated by assertions of the opposition of Naturalism to Invention, and to the higher conditions of art. Even in this very room I believe there has lately been question whether a sculptor should look at a real living creature of which he had to carve the image. I would answer in one sense,—no; that is to say, he ought to carve no living creature while he still needs to look at it. If we do not know what a human body is like, we certainly had better look, and look often, at it, before we carve it; but if we already know the human likeness so well that we can carve it by light of memory, we shall not need to ask whether we ought now to look at it or not; and what is true of man is true of all other creatures and organisms—of bird, and beast, and leaf. No assertion is more at variance with the laws of classical as well as of subsequent art than the common one that species should not be distinguished in great design. We might as well say that we ought to carve a man so as not to know him from an ape, as that we should carve a lily so as not to know it from a thistle. It is difficult for me to conceive how this can be asserted in the presence of any remains either of great Greek or Italian art. A Greek looked at a cockle-shell or a cuttle-fish as carefully as he looked at an Olympic conqueror. The eagle of Elis, the lion of Velia, the horse of Syracuse, the bull of Thuri, the dolphin of Tarentum, the crab of Agrigentum, and the crawfish of Catana,

are studied as closely, every one of them, as the Juno of Argos, or Apollo of Clazomenæ. Idealism, so far from being contrary to special truth, is the very abstraction of speciality from everything else. It is the earnest statement of the characters which make man man and cockle cockle, and flesh flesh, and fish fish. Feeble thinkers, indeed, always suppose that distinction of kind involves meanness of style; but the meanness is in the treatment, not in the distinction. There is a noble way of carving a man, and a mean one; and there is a noble way of carving a beetle, and a mean one; and a great sculptor carves his scarabæus grandly, as he carves his king, while a mean sculptor makes vermin of both. And it is a sorrowful truth, yet a sublime one, that this greatness of treatment cannot be taught by talking about it. No, nor even by enforced imitative practice of it. Men treat their subjects nobly only when they themselves become noble; not till then. And that elevation of their own nature is assuredly not to be effected by a course of drawing from models, however well chosen, or of listening to lectures, however well intended.

Art, national or individual, is the result of a long course of previous life and training; a necessary result, if that life has been loyal, and an impossible one, if it has been base. Let a nation be healthful, happy, pure in its enjoyments, brave in its acts, and broad in its affections, and its art will spring round and within it as freely as the foam from a fountain; but let the springs of its life be impure, and its course polluted, and you will not get the bright spray by treatises on the mathematical structure of bubbles.

And I am to-night the more restrained in addressing you, because, gentlemen—I tell you honestly—I am weary of all writing and speaking about art, and most of my own. No good is to be reached that way. The last fifty years have, in every civilized country of Europe, produced more brilliant thought, and more subtle reasoning about art than the five thousand before them, and what has it all come to? Do not let it be thought that I am insensible to the high merits of much of our modern work. It cannot be for a moment supposed that in speaking of the inefficient expression of the doctrines which writers on art have tried to enforce, I was thinking of such Gothic as has been designed and built by Mr. Scott, Mr. Butterfield, Mr. Street, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Godwin, or my dead friend, Mr. Woodward. Their work has been original and independent. So far as it is good, it has been founded on principles learned not from books, but by study of the monuments of the great schools, developed by national grandeur, not by philosophical speculation. But I am entirely assured that those who have done best among us are the least satisfied with what they have done, and will admit a sorrowful concurrence in my belief that the spirit, or rather, I should say, the dispirit, of the age, is heavily against them; that all the ingenious writing

or, thinking which is so rare amongst us has failed to educate a public capable of taking true pleasure in any kind of art, and that the best designers never satisfy their own requirements of themselves, unless by vainly addressing another temper of mind, and providing for another manner of life, than ours. All lovely architecture was designed for cities in cloudless air; for cities in which piazzas and gardens opened in bright populousness and peace; cities built that men might live happily in them, and take delight daily in each other's presence and powers. But our cities, built in black air which, by its accumulated foulness, first renders all ornament invisible in distance, and then chokes its interstices with soot; cities which are mere crowded masses of store, and warehouse, and counter, and are therefore to the rest of the world what the larder and cellar are to a private house; cities in which the object of men is not life, but labor; and in which all chief magnitude of edifice is to enclose machinery; cities in which the streets are not the avenues for the passing and procession of a happy people, but the drains for the discharge of a tormented mob, in which the only object in reaching any spot is to be transferred to another; in which existence becomes mere transition, and every creature is only one atom in a drift of human dust, and current of interchanging particles, circulating here by tunnels under ground, and there by tubes in the air; for a city, or cities, such as this no architecture is possible—nay, no desire of it is possible to their inhabitants.

One of the most singular proofs of the vanity of all hope that conditions of art may be combined with the occupations of such a city, has been given lately in the design of the new iron bridge over the Thames at Blackfriars. Distinct attempt has been there made to obtain architectural effect on a grand scale. Nor was there anything in the nature of the work to prevent such an effort being successful. It is not edifices, being of iron, or of glass, or thrown into new forms, demanded by new purposes, which need hinder its being beautiful. But it is the absence of all desire of beauty, of all joy in fancy, and of all freedom in thought. If a Greek, or Egyptian, or Gothic architect had been required to design such a bridge, he would have looked instantly at the main conditions of its structure, and dwelt on them with the delight of imagination. He would have seen that the main thing to be done was to hold a horizontal group of iron rods steadily and straight over stone piers. Then he would have said to himself (or felt without saying), "It is this holding,—this grasp,—this securing tenor of a thing which might be shaken, so that it cannot be shaken, on which I have to insist." And he would have put some life into those iron tenons. As a Greek put human life into his pillars and produced the caryatid; and an Egyptian lotus life into his pillars and produced the lily capital: so here, either of them would have put some gigantic or some angelic life into those colossal sockets. He would perhaps have put vast winged statues of bronze, folding their wings, and grasping the iron rails with their hands; or monstrous eagles, or serpents holding with claw or coil, or strong four-footed animals couchant, holding with the paw, or in fierce action, holding with teeth. Thousands of grotesque or of lovely thoughts would have

risen before him, and the bronze forms, animal or human, would have signified, either in symbol or in legend, whatever might be gracefully told respecting the purposes of the work and the districts to which it conducted. Whereas, now, the entire invention of the designer seems to have exhausted itself in exaggerating to an enormous size a weak form of iron nut, and in conveying the information upon it, in large letters, that it belongs to the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company. I believe then, gentlemen, that if there were any life in the national mind in such respects, it would be shown in these its most energetic and costly works. But that there is no such life, nothing but a galvanic restlessness and covetousness, with which it is for the present vain to strive; and in the midst of which, tormented at once by its activities and its apathies, having their work continually thrust aside and dishonored, always seen to disadvantage, and over-topped by huge masses, discordant and destructive, even the best architects must be unable to do justice to their own powers.

But, gentlemen, while thus the mechanisms of the age prevent even the wisest and best of its artists from producing entirely good work, may we not reflect with consternation what a marvellous ability the luxury of the age, and the very advantages of education, confer on the unwise and ignoble for the production of attractively and infectiously bad work. I do not think that this adverse influence, necessarily affecting all conditions of so-called civilization, has been ever enough considered. It is impossible to calculate the power of the false workman in an advanced period of national life, nor the temptation to all workmen, to become false.

First, there is the irresistible appeal to vanity. There is hardly any temptation of the kind (there cannot be) while the arts are in progress. The best men must then always be ashamed of themselves; they never can be satisfied with their work absolutely, but only as it is progressive. Take, for instance, any archaic head intended to be beautiful; say, the Attic Athena, on the early Arethusa of Syracuse. In that, and in all archaic work of promise, there is much that is inefficient, much that to us appears ridiculous—but nothing sensual, nothing vain, nothing spurious or imitative. It is a child's work, a childish nation's work, but not a fool's work. You find in children the same tolerance of ugliness, the same eager and innocent delight in their own work for the moment, however feeble; but next day it is thrown aside, and something better is done. Now, in this careless play, a child or a childish nation differs inherently from a foolish educated person, or a nation advanced in pseudo-civilization. The educated person has seen all kinds of beautiful things, of which he would fain do the like—not to add to their number—but for his own vanity, that he also may be called an artist. Here is at once a singular and fatal difference. The childish nation sees nothing in its own past work to satisfy itself. It is pleased at having done this, but wants something better; it is struggling forward always to reach this better, this ideal conception. It wants more beauty to look at, it wants more subject to feel. It calls out all its artists—stretching its hands to the

does—"Oh, if you would but tell me another story,"—"Oh, if I might but have a doll with bluer eyes." That's the right temper to work in, and to get work done for you in. But the vain, aged, highly-educated nation is satiated with beautiful things—it has myriads more than it can look at; it has fallen into a habit of inattention; it passes weary and jaded through galleries which contain the best fruit of a thousand years of human travail; it gapes and shrugs over them, and pushes its way past them to the door. But there is one feeling that is always distinct, however jaded and languid we may be in all other pleasures, we are never languid in vanity, and we would still paint and carve for fame. What other motive have the nations of Europe to-day? If they wanted art for art's sake they would take care of what they have already got. But at this instant the two noblest pictures in Venice are lying rolled up in out-houses, and the noblest portrait of Titian in existence is hung forty feet from the ground. We have absolutely no motive but vanity and the love of money—no others, as nations, than these, whatever we may have as individuals. And as the thirst of vanity thus increases, so the temptation to it. There was no fame of artists in these archaic days. Every year, every hour, saw some one rise to surpass what had been done before. And there was always better work to be done, but never any credit to be got by it. The artist lived in an atmosphere of perpetual, wholesome, inevitable eclipse. Do as well as you choose to-day,—make the whole Borgo dance with delight, they would dance to a better man's pipe tomorrow. *Credette Cimabue nella pittura, tener lo campo, et ora ha Giotto il grido.* This was the fate, the necessary fate, even of the strongest. They could only hope to be remembered as links in an endless chain. For the weaker men it was no use even to put their name on their works. They did not. If they could not work for joy and for love, and take their part simply in the choir of human toil, they might throw up their tools. But now it is far otherwise—now, the best having been done—and for a couple of hundred years, the best of us being confessed to have come short of it, everybody thinks that he may be the great man once again, and this is certain, that whatever in art is done for display, is invariably wrong.

But, secondly, consider the attractive power of false art, completed, as compared with imperfect art advancing to completion. Archaic work, so far as faultful, is repulsive, but advanced work is, in all its faults, attractive. The moment that art has reached the point at which it becomes sensitively and delicately imitative, it appeals to a new audience. From that instant it addresses the sensualist and the idler. Its deceptions, its successes, its subtleties, become interesting to every condition of folly, of frivolity, and of vice. And this new audience brings to bear upon the art in which its foolish and wicked interest has been unhappily awakened, the full power of its riches: the largest bribes of gold as well as of praise are offered to the artist who will betray his art, until at last, from the sculpture of Phidias and fresco of Luini, it sinks into the cabinet ivory and the picture kept under lock and key. Between these highest and lowest types, there is a vast mass of merely

imitative and delicately sensual sculpture; veiled nymphs—chained slaves—soft goddesses seen by rose-light through suspended curtains—drawing-room portraits and domesticities, and such like, in which the interest is either merely personal and selfish, or dramatic and sensational; in either case, destructive of the power of the public to sympathize with the aims of great architects.

Gentlemen, I am no Puritan, and have never praised or advocated puritanical art. The two pictures which I would last part with out of our National Gallery, if there were question of parting with any, would be Titian's Bacchus and Correggio's Venus. But the noble naturalism of these was the fruit of ages of previous courage, continence, and religion—it was the fullness of passion in the life of a Britomart. But the mid age and old age of nations is not like the mid age or old age of noble women. National decrepitude must be criminal. National death can only be by disease, and yet it is almost impossible, out of the history of the art of nations, to elicit the true conditions relating to its decline in any demonstrable manner. The history of Italian art is that of a struggle between superstition and naturalism on one side, between continence and sensuality on another. So far as naturalism prevailed over superstition, there is always progress; so far as sensuality over chastity, death. And the two contests are simultaneous. It is impossible to distinguish one victory from the other. Observe, however, I say victory over superstition, not over religion. Let me carefully define the difference. Superstition, in all times and among all nations is the fear of a spirit whose passions are those of a man, whose acts are the acts of a man; who is present in some places, not in others; who makes some places holy and not others; who is kind to one person, unkind to another; who is pleased or angry according to the degree of attention you pay to him, or praise you refuse to him; who is hostile generally to human pleasure, but may be bribed by sacrifice of a part of that pleasure into permitting the rest. This, whatever form of faith it colors, is the essence of superstition. And religion is the belief in a Spirit whose mercies are over all His works—who is kind even to the unthankful and the evil; who is everywhere present, and therefore is in no place to be sought, and in no place to be evaded; to whom all creatures, times, and things are everlastingly holy, and who claims—not tithes of wealth, nor sevenths of days—but all the wealth that we have, and all the days that we live, and all the beings that we are, but who claims that totality because He delights only in the delight of His creatures; and because, therefore, the one duty that they owe to Him, and the only service they can render Him is to be happy. A Spirit, therefore, whose eternal benevolence cannot be angered, cannot be appeased; whose laws are everlasting and inexorable, so that heaven and earth must indeed pass away if one jot of them failed: laws which attach to every wrong and error a measured, inevitable penalty; to every rightness and prudence, an assured reward; penalty, of which the remittance cannot be purchased; and reward, of which the promise cannot be broken.

And thus, in the history of art, we ought continually to endeavor to distinguish (while

except in broadest lights, it is impossible to distinguish) the work of religion from that of superstition, and the work of reason from that of infidelity. Religion devotes the artist, hand and mind, to the service of the gods; superstition makes him the slave of ecclesiastical pride, or forbids his work altogether, in terror or disdain. Religion perfects the form of the divine statue, superstition distorts it into ghastly grotesque. Religion contemplates the gods as the lords of healing and life, surrounds them with glory of affectionate service, and festivity of pure human beauty. Superstition contemplates its idols as lords of death, appeases them with blood, and vows itself to them in torture and solitude. Religion proselytizes by love, superstition by war; religion teaches by example, superstition by persecution. Religion gave granite shrine to the Egyptian, golden temple to the Jew, sculptured corridor to the Greek, pillared aisle and frescoed wall to the Christian. Superstition made idols of the splendors by which religion had spoken: revered pictures and stones, instead of truths; letters and laws instead of acts, and forever, in various madness of fantastic desolation, kneels in the temple while it crucifies the Christ.

On the other hand, to reason resisting superstition, we owe the entire compass of modern energies and sciences; the healthy laws of life, and the possibilities of future progress. But to infidelity resisting religion (or which is often enough the case, taking the mask of it), we owe sensuality, cruelty, and war, insolence and avarice, modern political economy, life by conservation of forces, and salvation by every man's looking after his own interests; and generally, whatsoever of guilt, and folly, and death, there is abroad among us. And of the two, a thousand-fold rather let us retain some color of superstition, so that we may keep also some strength of religion, than comfort ourselves with color of reason for the desolation of godlessness. I would say to every youth who entered our schools—be a Mahometan, a Diana-worshipper, a Fire-worshipper, Root-worshipper, if you will; but at least be so much a man as to know what worship means. I had rather, a million-fold rather, see you one of those "quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis numina," than one of those quibus hæc non nascuntur in cordibus lumina; and who are, by everlasting orphanage, divided from the Father of Spirits, who is also the Father of lights, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.

"So much of man," I say, feeling profoundly that all right exercise of any human gift, so descended from the Giver of good, depends on the primary formation of the character of true manliness in the youth,—that is to say, of a majestic, grave, and deliberate strength. How strange the words sound; how little does it seem possible to conceive of majesty, and gravity, and deliberation in the daily track of modern life. Yet, gentlemen, we need not hope that our work will be majestic if there is no majesty in ourselves. The word "manly" has come to mean practically, among us, a schoolboy's character, not a man's. We are, at our best, thoughtlessly impetuous, fond of adventure and excitement; curious in knowledge for its novelty, not for its system and results; faithful and affectionate to those among whom we are by chance cast, but gen-

tly and calmly insolent to strangers; we are stupidly conscientious, and instinctively brave, and always ready to cast away the lives we take no pains to make valuable, in causes of which we have never ascertained the justice. This is our highest type—notable peculiarly among nations for its gentleness, together with its courage; but in lower conditions it is especially liable to degradation by its love of jest and of vulgar sensation. It is against this fatal tendency to vile play that we have chiefly to contend. It is the spirit of Milton's Comus; bestial itself, but having power to arrest and paralyze all who come within its influence, even pure creatures sitting helpless, mocked by it on their marble thrones. It is incompatible, not only with all greatness of character, but with all true gladness of heart, and it develops itself in nations in proportion to their degradation, connected with a peculiar gloom and a singular tendency to play with death, which is a morbid reaction from the morbid excess.

A book has lately been published on the Mythology of the Rhine, with illustrations by Gustave Doré. The Rhine god is represented in the vignette title-page with a pipe in one hand and a pot of beer in the other. You cannot have a more complete type of the tendency which is chiefly to be dreaded in this age than in this conception, as opposed to any possibility of representation of a river-god, however playful, in the mind of a Greek painter. The example is the more notable because Gustave Doré's is not a common mind, and, if born in any other epoch, he would probably have done valuable (though never first rate) work; but by glancing (it will be impossible for you to do more than glance) at his illustrations of Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques," you will see further how this "drolatique," or semi-comic mask is, in the truth of it, the mask of a skull, and how the tendency to burlesque jest is both in France and England only an effervescence from the *cloaca maxima* of the putrid instincts which fasten themselves on national sin, and are in the midst of the luxury of European capitals, what Dante meant when he wrote, *quel mi sveglia col puzzo*, of the body of the Wealth-Siren; the mocking levity and mocking gloom being equally signs of the death of the soul; just as, contrariwise, a passionate seriousness and passionate joyfulness are signs of its full life in works such as those of Angelico, Luini, Ghiberti, or La Robbia.

It is to recover this stern seriousness, this pure and thrilling joy, together with perpetual sense of spiritual presence, that all true education of youth must now be directed. This seriousness, this passion, this universal human religion, are the first principles, the true roots of all art, as they are of all doing, of all being. Get this *vis viva* first and all great work will follow. Lose it, and your schools of art will stand among other living schools as the frozen corpses stand by the winding stair of the St. Michael's Convent of Mont Cenis, holding their hands stretched out under their shrouds, as if beseeching the passer-by to look upon the wasting of their death.

And all the higher branches of technical teaching are vain without this; nay, are in some sort vain altogether, for they are superseded by this. You may teach imitation, because the meanest man can imitate; but you

can neither teach idealism nor composition, because only a great man can choose, conceive, or compose; and he does all these necessarily, and because of his nature. His greatness is in his choice of things, in his analysis of them, and his combining powers involve the totality of his knowledge in life. His methods of observation and abstraction are essential habits of his thought, conditions of his being. If he looks at a human form he recognizes the signs of nobility in it, and loves them—hates whatever is diseased, frightful, sinful, or *designant* of decay. All ugliness, and abortion, and fading away; all signs of vice and foulness, he turns away from, as inherently diabolic and horrible; all signs of unconquered emotion he regrets, as weaknesses. He looks only for the calm purity of the human creature, in living conquest of its passions and of fate.

That is idealism; but you cannot teach any one else that preference. Take a man who likes to see and paint the gambler's rage; the hedge-ruffian's enjoyment; the debauched soldier's strife; the vicious woman's degradation;—take a man fed on the dusky picturesque of rags and guilt; talk to him of principles of beauty! make him draw what you will, how you will, he will leave the stain of himself on whatever he touches. You had better go lecture to a snail, and tell it to leave no slime behind it. Try to make a mean man compose; you will find nothing in his thoughts consecutive or proportioned—nothing consistent in his sight—nothing in his fancy. He cannot comprehend two things in relation at once—how much less twenty! How much less all! Everything is uppermost with him in its turn, and each as large as the rest; but Titian or Veronese compose as tranquilly as they would speak—inevitably. The thing comes to them so—they see it so—rightly, and in harmony: they will not talk to you of composition, hardly even understanding how lower people see things otherwise, but knowing that if they *do* see otherwise, there is for them the end there, talk as you will.

I had intended, in conclusion, gentlemen, to incur such blame of presumption as might be involved in offering some hints for present practical methods in architectural schools, but here again I am checked, as I have been throughout, by a sense of the uselessness of all minor means and helps, without the establishment of a true and broad educational system. My wish would be to see the profession of the architect united, not with that of the engineer, but of the sculptor. I think there should be a separate school and university course for engineers, in which the principal branches of study connected with that of practical building should be the physical and exact sciences, and honors should be taken in mathematics; but I think there should be another school and university course for the sculptor and architect in which literature and philosophy should be the associated branches of study, and honors should be taken in *literis humanis*; and I think a young architect's examination for his degree (for mere pass,) should be much stricter than that of youths intending to enter other professions. The quantity of scholarship necessary for the efficiency of a country clergyman is not great. So that he be modest and kindly, the main truths he has to teach may be learned better

in his heart than in books, and taught in very simple English. The best physicians I have known spent very little time in their libraries; and though my lawyer sometimes chats with me over a Greek coin, I think he regards the time so spent in the light rather of concession to my idleness than as helpful to his professional labors.

But there is no task undertaken by a true architect of which the honorable fulfilment will not require a range of knowledge and habitual feeling only attainable by advanced scholarship.

Since, however, such expansion of system is, at present, beyond hope, the best we can do is to render the studies undertaken in our schools thoughtful, reverent, and refined, according to our power. Especially it should be our aim to prevent the minds of the students from being distracted by models of an unworthy or mixed character. A museum is one thing—a school another; and I am persuaded that as the efficiency of a school of literature depends on the mastering a few good books, so the efficiency of a school of art will depend on the understanding a few good models. And so strongly do I feel this that I would, for my own part, at once consent to sacrifice my personal predilections in art, and to vote for the exclusion of all Gothic or Mediæval models whatsoever, if by this sacrifice I could obtain also the exclusion of Byzantine, Indian, Renaissance-French, and other more or less attractive but barbarous work; and thus concentrate the mind of the student wholly upon the study of natural form, and upon its treatment by the sculptors and metal workers of Greece, Ionia, Sicily, and Magna Græcia, between 500 and 350 B. C., but I should hope that exclusiveness need not be carried quite so far.

I think Donatello, Mino of Fiesole, the Robbias, Ghiberti, Verrocchio, and Michael Angelo, should be adequately represented in our schools—together with the Greeks—and that a few carefully chosen examples of the floral sculpture of the North in the thirteenth century should be added, with especial view to display the treatment of naturalistic ornament in subtle connection with constructive requirements; and in the course of study pursued with reference to these models, as of admitted perfection, I should endeavor first to make the student thoroughly acquainted with the natural forms and characters of the objects he had to treat, and then to exercise him in the abstraction of these forms, and the suggestion of these characters, under due sculptural limitation. He should first be taught to draw largely and simply; then he should make quick and firm sketches of flowers, animals, drapery, and figures, from nature, in the simplest terms of line, and light and shade; always being taught to look at the organic, actions and masses, not at the textures or accidental effects of shade; meantime his sentiment respecting all these things should be cultivated by close and constant inquiry into their mythological significance and associated traditions; then, knowing the things and creatures thoroughly, and regarding them through an atmosphere of enchanted memory, he should be shown how the facts he has taken so long to learn are summed up by a great sculptor in a few touches; how those touches are invariably arranged in musical and deco-

orative relations; how every detail unnecessary for his purpose is refused; how those necessary for his purpose are insisted upon, or even exaggerated, or represented by singular artifice, when literal representation is impossible; and how all this is done under the instinct and passion of an inner commanding spirit which it is indeed impossible to imitate, but possible, perhaps, to share.

Perhaps! Pardon me that I speak despondingly. For my own part, I feel the force of mechanism and the fury of avaricious commerce to be at present so irresistible, that I have seceded from the study not only of architecture, but nearly of all art; and have given myself, as I would in a besieged city, to seek the best modes of getting bread and water for its multitudes, there remaining no question, it seems to me, of other than such grave business for the time. But there is, at least, this ground for courage, if not for hope: As the evil spirits of avarice and luxury are directly contrary to art, so, also, art is directly contrary to them; and according to its force expulsive of them and medicinal against them; so that the establishment of such schools as I have ventured to describe—whatever their immediate success or ill success in the teaching of art—would yet be the directest method of resistance to those conditions of evil among which our youth are cast at the most critical period of their lives. We may not be able to produce architecture, but, at the least, we shall resist vice. I do not know if it has been observed that while Dante rightly connects architecture, as the most permanent expression of the pride of humanity, whether just or unjust, with the first cornice of Purgatory, he indicates its noble function by engraving upon it, in perfect sculpture, the stories which rebuke the errors and purify the purposes of noblest souls. In the fulfilment of such function, literally and practically, here among men, is the only real use or pride of noble architecture, and on its acceptance or surrender of that function it depends whether, in future, the cities of England melt into a ruin more confused and ghastly than ever storm wasted or wolf inhabited, or purge and exalt themselves into true habitations of men, whose walls shall be Safety, and whose gates shall be Praise.

From my heart to my head, from my head to my hand,
From my hand to my pen, from my pen to my paper,
From my paper to types, and from types to more paper,
To thine eyes then, and head, and (at last) to thine heart,—
Dost not wonder, sweet reader, this round-about way
From my heart to thy heart was ever found out?

A MIXED UP AFFAIR.—JOHN BULL is in great trouble, just now, about the FENIANS. BROTHER JONATHAN, on the other hand, is in great glee about them. We are afraid that BROTHER JONATHAN is a little malicious in the matter; he wants to test brother JOHN's theory of "neutrality." For instance, he would like to aid the FENIANS in fitting out a privateer or two. Possibly, also, he might like to take a share or so in the "Fenian Loan," and swap them off, afterwards, for shares in the "Confederate Loan."

CONSOLING APHORISM.—For a nation to be largely in debt is, in the nature of things, much to its credit.

GREELEY'S "American Conflict."—His conflict with WOOD.

HE DONE HIS LEVEL BEST.

[The following verses are not by John Phoenix, nor yet by McArone, (as Arnold), nor even by Figaro, or Doesticks, but they are funny enough to have come from Josh Billings, or the late Sam Slick]

Was he a mining on the flat—
He done it with a zest;
Was he a leading of the choir—
He done his level best.

If he'd a regular task to do,
He never took no rest;
Or if 'twas off and on—the same—
He done his level best.

If he was preaching on his beat,
He'd tramp from East to West,
And North to South—in cold and heat—
He done his level best.

He'd cuss and sing, and howl and pray,
And dance and drink and jest,
And lie and steal—all one to him—
He done his level best.

Whate'er this man was sot to do,
He done it with a zest;
No matter what his contract was,
He'd DO HIS LEVEL BEST.

AN HONORABLE RECORD.—In the long list of brevet appointments just made by the President we find the following:

To be Lieutenant-Colonel in the Volunteer Service: Brevet Capt. CLIFFORD THOMSON, United States Volunteers, for efficient services and gallant conduct at the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, to date from March 13, 1865.

Col. THOMSON (who, by the way, is now a Major in the regular army), is a New York printer-boy, and has done his "regular sit" on a daily for months. Subsequently he was a reporter on the *TRIBUNE*, where he was a universal favorite. When the First New York Cavalry was raised, he joined as a private; but his printer lore soon brought him forward, and in due time he became a Lieutenant, and was made a member of Gen. Pleasanton's staff. He was with that distinguished cavalry officer all through the war, and saw a great deal of serious service. When not actually in the field, he was kept hard at work as Judge-Advocate, and in other positions requiring writing talents. His printer and other friends will congratulate him upon his honorable record. He is the brother of Mortimer Thomson, more generally known as "Doesticks."—*TRIBUNE*.

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FOR OCTOBER, 1865.

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